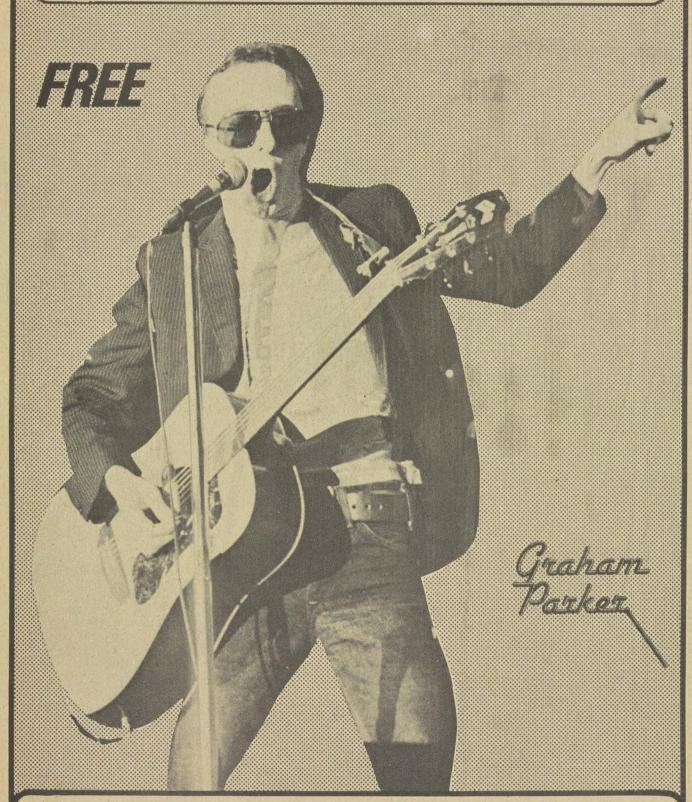
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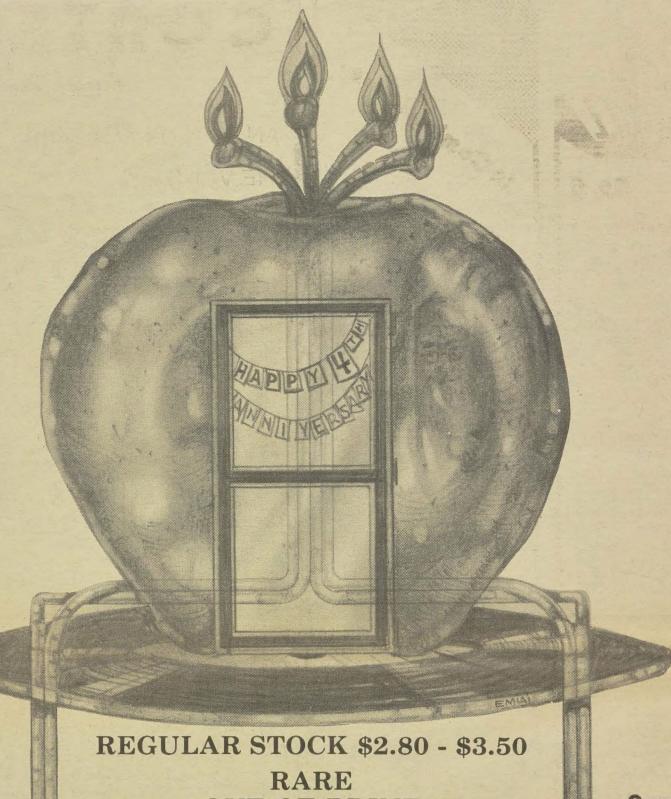
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(Cover Photo by Robbin Cresswell)

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MICHAEL SCHENKER

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To the editor:

This letter is in response to some comments directed at, and to those made by David Arthur. Mr. Arthur was the victim of some pretty heavy mud slinging and responded in a typical way by throwing it right back. But there was one comment made that I believe lacked some brains. Calling San Antonio an ignorant and apathetic city is a comment, I believe, that deserves some sort of apology. People read this magazine for entertainment not for the purpose of being called ignorant. Mr. Arthur is a professional and did not get where he is by not knowing what he's doing. His reviews and music are not the most popular things here in town and neither are thoughtless comments directed at readers who support your publication. Your newspaper is good and I hope you continue being successful, but you may run into a few problems if you bite the hand that feeds you.

E. Paredes/S.A.

(At last a sensible person out there who feels a need to end all this petty name-calling between our readers and David. Now we can all get serious and watch the presidential campaign — Ed.)

Dear Editor:

I got a kick out of reading the letters to the editor. They seem to either hate punk/new wave or else they chop your writers for support-

ing a certain type of music. It seems to me that the issue here is that being open-minded is what it's all about. When I first heard about punk music I was repulsed by the image it had. Then all my illusions were shattered by a group in Austin called the Next. They are from S.A., which has a lot of heavy metal bands, and are great. My life has never been the same. Within a year I had my own group playing rock, new wave, punk and all other points in between. So much for prejudice.

Anyway, last week I went to see Van Halen. Up to that point I had decided that heavy metal was crap. I must say I had a blast. At any rate I think that people should think twice before they decide to cut any style of music down. Everyone should just enjoy the variety and accessability of all kinds of music and shut up. We're lucky.

Jeri Arsenault/Austin (Variety, huh? You're lucky to live in Austin. You've got a great and thriving club scene and many more places where national acts can play. You've got a radio station which plays a wider variety of music than KMAC-KISS. In S.A., if you're not into heavy metal you don't go to concerts; you drive to Austin or stay home.— Ed.)

Dear David Arthur: I want to say that I've been reading your columns in IORNR for the last several issues, when I first discovered it. You

really seem to know where music's at: New Wave. I live in Austin, where Punk is the "in" music with the main teenage group. And you seem to give good reviews basically and put Heavy Metal (ugh!) in it's place. One thing I must point out about Devo. I must disagree. Perhaps they are going too far, but if a group doesn't take themselves seriously, they end up on bubblegum cards and become elementary (joke) group (such as Kiss). But you did recognize the two best songs, although "Freedom of Choice" and "Whip It" I consider good, also. Also your reviews of the Who, The Kinks, and Queen are

On a different note to ass wipes like Kerry Liseheart and HevE. Metal (two of your readers) you two are obviously out of the music totally and don't realize that most Heavy Metal sucks! And just because David Arthur knows good music when he hears it doesn't give you out-oftouch Hippie Heavy Metaloids the right to complain. I would also like to thank reader Paul Eskimo, and to tell Judas Cheech to read the above messages to Heavy Metaloids and apply it to his own self!

—New Wave Rock: Get behind it, before it gets past you!
—Rhythm/Austin

Thanks, I needed that! It's always nice to hear from someone intelligent and perceptive. Unfortunately, not many here in S.A. are, at least in the realm of music — D.A.

THE GRAPEV



When Roy Orbison played his first New York City concert in eight years not long ago, he found he hadn't been forgotten.

The Lone Star Cafe was packed to the rafters, with those who remembered singing "Running Scared" in the high school locker room and with fans who were just discovering Orbison through Linda Ronstadt's version of "Blue Bayou."

Ronstadt herself attended one of the Lone Star performances, along with other assorted celebrities.

And the audience reacted with delirious cheers as Orbison hit the high notes on his classics — "Pretty Woman," "Only the Lonely," "Crying," "Running Scared" and "It's Over." Orbison's career, now in its 25th year, is far from over.

Within the next few months, shooting will begin on a movie based on Orbison's life. Martin Sheen will star, and while he may be able to duplicate Orbison's looks — the pale face, black hair and dark glasses — he could never reach Orbison's three-octave range. So Orbison himself will re-record 10 of his songs for the film, and write two new ones.

After a 10-year period which included several label changes, unsuccessful albums and very little U.S. touring, 1980 is Roy Orbison's year. In addition to the film project, he and Emmylou Harris have a hit single, "That Lovin' You Feelin' Again." It's from the movie "Roadie", in which Orbison made a cameo appearance.

Orbison is both delighted and a little apprehensive about the rediscovery of his songs. "For the longest time, I was wondering when I went on tour and did 'Blue Bayou', would the younger generation think I was copying Linda Ronstadt."

His recording career began with Sun Records, the legendary Memphis outfit that launched Elvis Presley, Johnny Cash and Jerry Lee Lewis in the '50s. In fact, Sun Records launched rock 'n' roll. Presley. Orbison and Lewis fused country and western rockabilly swing and rhythm and blues, and invented a new kind of music.

Orbison remarks, "It's a strange thing that we're in a period of so much instant history. The Sun period became instant history in 1970. Then by 1975, everybody was interested in what happened in the pre-Beatle era."

Texas production company associated with 24-track tape studio is looking for new groups and individual musicians interested in working on single & Lp projects. Send tapes to BJ Productions, 350 Louise Drive, Uvalde, Texas 78801 or call Jim Neutze (512) 278-9384 or Blaine Bennett (512) 278-4301.

Anyone interested in restoring the municipal auditorium should talk with their city councilman. Call 299-7230 and ask to speak to Joe Webb or Henry Cisneros. If you want more and better rock'n'roll for S.A., please do your bit.



John Bonham, drummer of the internationally acclaimed rock music group Led Zeppelin, was found dead Thursday, September 25, at the home of the group's lead guitarist, Jimmy Page, just 500 yards from Windsor Castle, London police reported.

"There are no suspicious circumstances. A post-mortem will be carried out and the coroner was informed," a Thames Valley police spokesman said.

No apparent cause of death was reported. A spokesman for Atlantic Records International, first to confirm the death, said no further statements would be issued until after the autopsy.

If you're interested in Judas Cheech T-Shirts, please write us at P.O. Box 5629, San Antonio, TX 78201. Be the first one on your block to wear one. Speak up S.A.!

The Carver Community Cultural Center will celebrate it's 50th anniversary as a library beginning October 27. The festivities will include music and dance which will project a collage reminiscent images of the Carver's past.

The weeklong event will feature music from the '30s, '40s and '50s — jazz, R&B, rock'n'roll and gospel. Among the groups scheduled to appear are the Drifters and the Platters from the fifties on October 27, and the Inkspot and the Coasters on the 28th. Lionel Hampton and his orchestra will appear on November 1 for jazz fans.

All events are free and begin at 7:30 every night. The Center is located at 226 N. Hackberry. Phone 299-7211 for more information.

Jeff Webb's Offbeat show on KRTU (91.7FM) has been cut from a two-hour show to one hour. The reason for the one hour cut was that the station needed that time to train new disc jockeys. Webb's show features new wave rock'n'roll and has been gaining popularity even though it is aired from Trinity's tiny 50-watt station. Webb himself was featured in last month's issue as well as in an issue of the Trinitonian, so his show is getting a lot of publicity. Offbeat will now be on every Thursday night from 8:00 to 9:00.

S.A. Is Vandalized!

by Clyde Kimsey

San Antonio is usually behind on things but it finally has a new wave radical punk band - The Vandals.

Five months ago Keith Rumbo, Adam Brogley and Don Mulligan decided to start their own band, mostly out of boredom and curiousity. Adam, the group's guitarist, and the drummer for the Vandals (former Mannequin member Frank Garcia) are the only ones with any prior musical experience

The summer of 1979 is when they became bored with S.A.'s heavy metal fare and became fascinated with the new wave rock'n'roll styles. They realized that they got into new wave late but blame it on the lack of responsible coverage by the entire media, especially RADIO. The band prefers punk and new wave because it's faster and more energetic. "It's just good time rock'n'roll that you can dance to," they say,

They admire the Austin bands such as the Next, the Explosives (now Roky Erickson's band), and the Skunks but also list the B-52's, the Clash, the Ramones, and most obviously the Sex Pistols as their favorite and influential groups.

I caught their act at the Royal Palace Ballroom on Labor Day as



they played on a bill with other local bands. They are a tight unit, though the sound could be fuller. Garcia's drumming gives the Vandals a good beat and holds them together well.

What Mulligan as lead singer lacks in ability, he almost makes up for in enthusiasm. He tries to be radical in his approach but too often comes off sounding too much like Johnny Rotten in his inflections, accent and general delivery.

They were walking on thin ice as they played to the conservative heavy metal crowd. The band created an impression though as they kept a dozen people dancing throughout their set. Their provocative style did distrub some people but they got a reaction nevertheless.

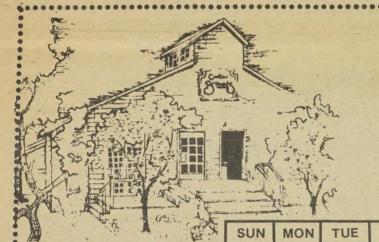
I asked them why they thought new wave and punk rock doesn't sell better in S.A. if it's so good and they gave me the typical answers that anyone who likes new wave music gives, "not enough airplay," "people don't realize what it really sounds like," "they're conditioned to the same old music and are afraid to listen to something different.'

The Vandals have 15 original songs which are about everything from Saturday morning kid's TV shows to World War III. One song, "Automatic" is about being nonroutine and spontaneous and it sums up the band's approach to their music and life in general. Guitarist Brogley writes most of the music while Mulligan writes most of the lyrics. He says that he doesn't write about subjects and ideas intentionally, he just "puts down what goes through (his) head." When I asked him why he swears in a couple of songs, he replied, "because it's just everyday language. Why cover it up?'

The group members say that their ambition is to have an EP or a single out by the end of the year. "We just want to have a good time. We live for the moment and try not to worry about things.'

I couldn't help but notice the angry overtones of some of their songs so I asked them what made them so hostile. "False authority and apathetic people who don't get into life. They just sit there and ride along." That's the kind of things that've always been fuel for the rock'n'roll fire. RNR

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THE LOTIONS - YOU'RE MY JAMAICA

by Wendy Carson

The San Antonio club scene has had an enjoyable alternative for the past two and a half years: the reggae sound of The Lotions (Alan Monsarrat - bass and vocals; Johnny Holston - guitar; David Roach keyboards; Madrile Wilson - congas and percussion; and Michael McGeary - drums). They spoke with us before opening their set at Skip Willy's.

Madrile: Yes, we play reggae. We do our own songs, we do copy tunes in reggae. We reggae to anything.

RNR: Why reggae? Madrile: Because it's fun. We're all musicians, but we're all from different bags, like rock'n'roll, country, etc., and we all found out that we have one common thing: We like reggae. It's a viable format. It's R&Borientd. It's got nice melodies and it's different. Everybody in Texas is playing either straight-ahead blues, rock'n'roll or country and western. Alan: There are lots of jazz bands around.

Madrile: And nobody's playing reggae.

Alan: So it changes the beat . . .

Madrile: The beat's not what the American beat is, but you've got to count to four in any kind of music. I'll tell you something interesting about reggae. Women get hip to it faster than guys do. I guess it's the beat. They're not as inhibited as the guys, and they're willing to get up there and dance by themselves. If the spirit moves them, they get up and move



Alan: We hope to make everybody see that reggae is a viable form of music and entertainment, and that it ain't something that just weird people do.

David: It's a very positive music.

Madrile: (David) wrote a song called "Get Up, Don't Get Down". It kinda captures what reggae's all about.

RNR: Most Jamaican reggae musicians are trying to make a political/ religious statement with their music. Are you trying to do that?

Alan: No. We want to make a statemenjt of "Let's have some fun," rather than "We're so poor." We're not crying about the way we live.

David: We can still relate to the situation in Jamaica cause it does have a lot of parallels here, and there certainly are persecutions happening that involve everybody. Social injustice is not limited to one country.

Madrile: Inflation, hard times . . . Everybody thinks about it. I think they have universal messages in their suffering and we can relate to that, but we're not Rastafarians, and

we're not out to overthrow the government in Kingston (Jamaica). It's more fun before it's politics and social statements. Obviously we're not living in the ghetto and we're not black, and so we can't make as sharp an edge as they're making 'cause they're fighting for something. We're just making a living, and enjoy their music.

Alan: I don't feel like we're ripping them off or anything like that.

RNR: About a year and a half ago The Lotions opened for one of the giants of reggae, Peter Tosh. What was the experience like?

Alan: It was a real confidence builder for us 'cause we were wondering if the Jamaicans would like us. They liked us, and in fact, one guy even came out and jammed with us.

David: Tosh's bass player, drummer. and guitar player were dancing on the side of the stage while we played. Alan more or less asked Tosh what he thought of us, and he said, "Don't check your skin. Just spread the message."

RNR: Do you feel that your band has been instrumental in bringing reggae to Texas?

Madrile: Yeah, I think we've directly educated part of the audience. We've had reports from record stores all over Texas that before we were playing, nobody would come in their store asking for reggae. Since there's not a Lotions' record out, they buy somebody else's ma-

RNR: What are The Lotions future plans?

Madrile: Onward and upward. Record deal, vinyl: that's definitely in. Spreading the word further out than we've been.

RNR: Have you been in the process of negotiating (a recording contract)?

Madrile: Yeah; but it takes forever. Everybody's putting out a record on a local label. We have our sights a little higher. A national record label and a shot at exposing all of America to what we do 'cause I think we're the bridge.

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SCHENKER ÜBER ALLES

by Judas Cheech

Michael Schenker has earned an impressive reputation as a lead quitarist since he first appeared in Germany playing with The Scorpions in 1971. In 1974, when The Scorpions were playing support to UFO in Germany, Schenker sat in with the band and they asked him to join them. He spoke no English, but within a short while, Schenker was a firmly established member of the band and before the end of the year

cluded "Rock Bottom" and "Doctor, Doctor", both of which have since become UFO classics.

Schenker was lead guitarist with UFO for five years and played lead on such albums as, Phenomenon, Force It, No Heavy Petting and Lights Out; the album that brought UFO success in America.

As it hit the top 30, the band packed up and left for the States. On the eve of the tour Schenker vanished; a disappearance that has never been totally explained. He rejoined the band about two months

After six months of solid touring UFO went to Los Angeles to record Obsession. That Lp was followed six months later by the double live, Strangers in the Night, package.

For Schenker that album marked the end of his long and fruitful partnership with UFO. He had found it increasingly difficult to express his ideas through the band.

He eventually left and rejoined The Scorpions. Contributing to their album. Love Drive, he then went on to tour with them in Europe, but left in the middle of the tour.

The Michael Schenker group album, produced by Roger Gl over of Deep Purple fame, is his first solo effort. All nine tracks are written by Michael or are co-written with lead singer Gary Barden, a newcomer. He has assembled a new touring band which includes ex-UFO keyboardist Paul Raymond. Michael Schenker is back; and in fine form

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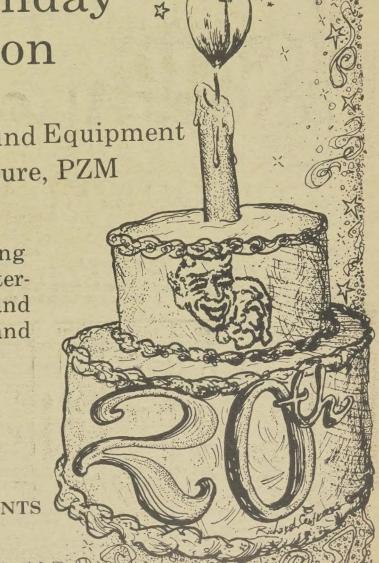
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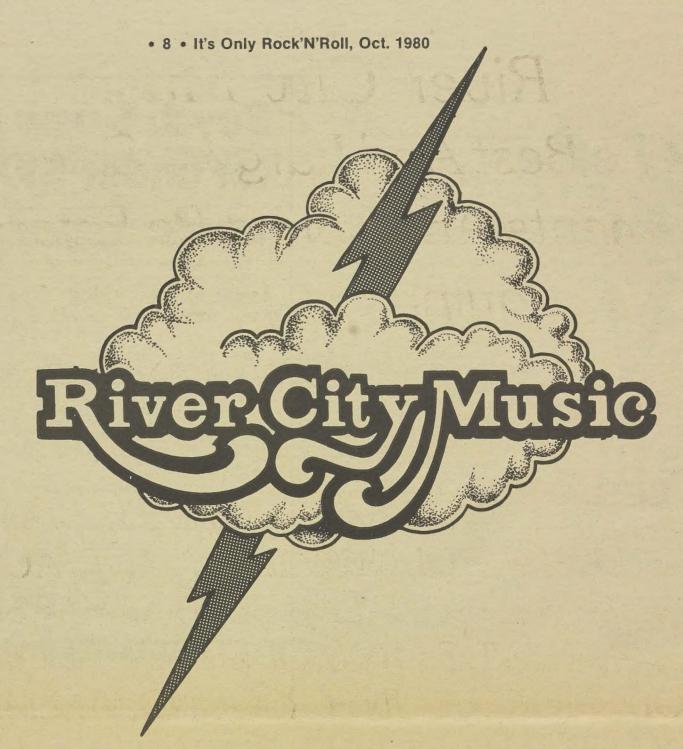
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GRAHAM PARKER THE RUMOUR IS TRUE

ized with the British punk rock boom, a misunderstanding abundantly obvious to anyone who pay attention to Parker's melodies or to the thoughtful and sophisticated way he uses the basic rock vocabulary. While he likes the Ramones and liked the Sex Pistols, he claims not to have heard most of the British punk bands at the time.

"I think the reason we got lumped with them," suggested Martin Belmont, "is that while we play with more than three chords, we play with a lot of the energy and we tend to rely on the 'real side' of it as opposed to some kind of theatrical thing. Which is the same as the punk thing — right off the street."

"To me it is like desperation to make music. It's like life and death," Parker echoed.

ghetto neighborhood in New York. These black kids were cooling themselves off by turning on a fire hydrant. Just that brief image and I had the songs"), and *The Parkerilla*, a live package of some of his best material.

After Parker charged Mercury with not doing enough right things to promote him he got out of his contract with them and signed with Arista and kept driving himself relentlessly forward by recording his landmark album Squeezing Out Sparks, produced by Jack Nitzsche. No frill rock'n'roll. No ordinary album. Ten Graham Parker tunes of pure pantheon caliber: "Discovering Japan," "Protection," "You Can't Be Too Strong," and "Nobody Hurts You." The songs bristled with anger,

Passion is no ordinary word, Graham Parker proclaims. Nor, in these days of increasing musical slush, is it a quality to be found in any great supply. Never was. There is a reaction going on, a reaction to the numbing narcoplepsy of too much contemporary music, and Parker is part of that reaction. His music is anti-anesthesia. He and his band the Rumour play vital rock'n-'roll; the kind that even if you'd never heard the term before you saw their stage act you'd know what it was afterwards.

An aggressive, raspy shouting singer, Parker's style is most often compared to Bruce Springsteen's—an accurate description because he shares Springsteen's affection for '60s soul music, Bob Dylan and Van Morrison. Also like Springsteen, he has garnered effusive reviews from most of the major critics.

Parker first sent tapes to record companies in 1973 after a stint bumming around Europe. "I did about two folk clubs as a floor singer because I didn't know how to break into show business. It was no good at all because the scene was as if Bob Dylan had never picked up the electric guitar. That was just a stage in the development of my voice and songs. Only when I met good musicians on a working basis did I start getting it right."

He then reversed the old maxim about the faded rock star reduced to working in a gas station. Pumping petrol near his home in Surrey, England in 1975, he sent a tape to the Hope & Anchor pub, a gathering spot of musicians in London.

The tape caught the ear of Dave Robinson, who ran a demo studio and managed a couple of bar bands. He set Parker up with the Rumour, just then forming from the remains of three disbanded pub groups: Ducks Deluxe (guitarist Martin Belmont), Brinsley Schwarz (Schwarz himself on guitar, Bob Andrews on keyboards), and Bontemps Roulev (bassist Andrew Bodnar and drummer Stephan Goulding).

While they were making a new

demonstration tape together, writer-DJ Charlie Gillett (author of *The Sound of the City*) got a copy of "Between You and Me" from the original demo and played it on his popular "Honky Tonk" show on Radio London. Mercury Records immediately signed the band:

That was the start of Parker's professional career, but music had been his life's cornerstone for years before that, since his exposure to the early Rolling Stones. Music, he told writer Robert Hilburn, "was always the main thing. You went to school and did this or that, but the real thing was what, was on the charts." He got a guitar and formed a group called The Black Rockers, later called The Deep Cut Three; the repetoire was hard-edged R&B: Stax-Volt, Chess-type stuff, some Motown ("You Can't Hurry Love," in fact, stayed in the G.P. & The Rumour set for quite a while). But it didn't happen, and he took a series of frustrating jobs: breeding animals for scientific experiments, working in a bakery, washing windows, until

Parker recorded his first album Howlin' Wind with Nick Lowe, ex-of Brinsley Schwarz's band, producing. It was immediately acclaimed on both sides of the Atlantic as "rock'n'roll of classic stature" (Crawdaddy). This was in 1976, the year of Parker's ascendance. As tough as he sounded on record, he pounded it out even more forcefully live. An "official" bootleg Lp recorded at Marble Arch proved that to anyone who hadn't yet had the fortune of seeing Parker and the Rumour on stage.

At first he was seen as the last of the great pub acts, but as Parker said, "It was too bad if people thought that, Pubs exist because they're small places. A band just starting can play there

They can get stuck there, or they can go out and play other places." Parker and the Rumour played less than a dozen dates before moving on to bigger halls."

He was also sometimes categor-



The music came barreling through: a second, equally ravedabout album, Heat Treatment (the title song which was featured in the movie "Between The Lines"), a foursong single originally pressed on pink vinyl and dubbed, therefore, The Pink Parker (with the exceptional "Hold Back The Night"). All this, and increasingly well-received tours of the U.S., made Parker a true rock'n'roll contender. Rolling Stone gave him and the Rumour their "Red Suspenders Award" for New Band of '76; the two Lps finished 2nd and 4th in the 1976 Pazz & Jop Critics Poll in the Village Voice ("the year of Graham Parker," the Voice said).

In songs like "Back To Schooldays," Fools Gold," "Pourin' It All Out," "Soul Shoes," "Not If It Pleases Me," all from those epochal first two albums, Parker made his stand. Explaining his band's appeal he said, "We have a freshness that has been lacking for some time." That freshness continued to show itself on the next two albums, Stick To Me, an Ep influenced by his American experiences ("It's sortiof a New York thing, It starts with "New York Shuffle" then "Watch The Moon Come Down," "Thunder and Rain" and "The Heat In Harlem". It's all of-a-piece. I was just riding in a cab when I glanced out the window at this incredible scene going on in a

conviction and barely contained danger. He railed against forces inward ("Nobody hurts you harder than yourself") and outward. Some of the subjects were familiar — local girls, Saturday night, twisted love. But some tracks dealt with universal matters like abortion (on the strongly stated "You Can't Be Too Strong"), in a straight forward rock form. The treatments were bracingly original

Released in limited editions at the same time as *Sparks* was a promonly Lp called *Live Sparks*, as well as a punchy live version of The Jackson 5's "I Want You Back" and GP's "Mercury Poisoning," a song that was not about canned tuna.

Most recently Parker released *The Up Escalator* which should have been his crowning achievement but it failed to please both critics and fans alike, although it contains some of his best material like, "Empty Lives," "Endless Night" (with help from Springsteen) and "No Holding Back."

Despite a flawed effort this time and the loss of key sideman Bob Andrews (replaced by legendary Nicky Hopkins) Parker said, "I think we're making the most progressive music on the planet at the moment." Rock n'roll is in good hands if Graham Parker is the wave of the future. — RNR

DAVID'S DUSTYDISCS by David Frost

DEALING STRONGER EVERY DAY

As promised, I spent some time last month in conversation with several of the used/rare/collectable record dealers in San Antonio. I asked them what records were selling best, or weren't selling at all, and generally tried to get their perspective on what you the record collector are looking for these days. First, a quick rundown on the dealers and what they have to offer.

* Mario Cortinas has a booth at Northwest Center. He's a local guy who went to school with such San Antonio stalwarts as Rudy & the Reno Bops, the Lyrics and the Jesters and he sells a lot of that 50s-style local material. His fastest-moving material, however, is picture discs and hard rock/heavy metal albums. Mario stocks a little bit of everything and he's always got some interesting stuff.

* Dave Risher deals mostly in 1970s rock album cutouts and new wave Lps and singles. Dave sells his records, decals and T-shirts from a table at Northwest Center and, like Mario, has been at it for a fairly short time. Most of his customers want hard rock and heavy metal, and he has a small but devoted number of punk/new wave customers. Virtually all of his records are n mint condition, and he intends to expand his stock substantially over the next several months.

* David Seguin has a couple of tables at Northwest Center. He and his family used to concentrate on comics, Star Trek material and related stuff but are moving more and more into records. David's stock of Lps and 45s contains '50s, '60s and '70s rock'n'roll; most of the records he sells are rock, heavy metal and rhythm'n'blues group sounds.

* Raoul Limon sets up at Eisenhauer Road on Sundays; during the week, he's at his other store on South Flores at Southcross. He specializes in 45s and keeps a large stock of singles at both stores. Raoul has mostly-mint originals and reissues: he stocks contemporary ('60s and '70s) rock and C&W at the flea market and sells all styles of music at his Southside store. Raoul sells promo material to new wave fans, '50s-style sounds to low riders and everything else in between.

Road Flea Market, has the biggest selection n town. Broadly speaking, he sells singles to rock in roll fans, albums to rock fans and imports and picture discs to new wave collectors... though he stocks contemporary singles and '50s albums as well. His place is called the Rock Around the Clock Record Shop, and you can find him there every day except

* Rick Ireland, also at Eisenhauer

find him there every day, except Monday and Tuesday. (Mario, Dave and David set up only on the weekends).

* Monte Martinez runs Apple Records on Basse Rd., and has been in business longer than any of the other used/rare record dealers. Monte sells jazz, rock and blues from 1963 to date, though rock

accounts for most of his sales. He deals mostly in albums but makes it a point to stock 45s by local rock musicians. Monte will buy, sell and trade records; all dealers do this to one extent or another.

* Charles used to have a store at Austin Highway, but he hasn't been open lately. Rumor has it that he's off to Arizona to prospect for gold. Claude is sometimes there, sometimes not. I didn't talk to any of the "secondary" dealers like Half-Price Books & Records on Broadway, the Booketeria on Fred Rd. or any of the Salvation Army/Goodwill stores.

A LITTLE BIT ME, A LITTLE BIT YOU Altogether, I spent several hours talking with these guys. As far as the type of music they were selling, there were no surprises: hard rock/heavy metal sells best, '50s rock'n'roll was second and punk/new wave third. Blues and rockabilly is in short supply, and no one in town has a decent selection of older blues, jazz or hillbilly 78s. Picture discs and promo items are getting stronger. While several local dealers sell bootleg albums, no one like to talk openly about it. Instead, I got a lot of euphemistic terms like "live concert recordings", "underground albums" and my favorite, "stuff that has not been issued commercially." I can dig it; bootlegs are illegal in a strict sense, and you can't sell very many records if you're sitting in the slam-

I was a bit surprised, and impressed, at the variety of sources used by our local dealers in collectable records. From rummaging around San Antonio, going on outof-town expeditions, buying from/trading with other independent dealers from coast to coast and ordering stuff from wholesalers in the commercial record business, all of these guys are going to great lengths to obtain good records for your buying and listening pleasure. They're not just sitting around waiting for records to walk through the door . . . although you'll make them very happy if you visit them with an armload of good stuff that you're ready to sell at a suitable price.

They also reported more of a '50s/'60s split among local collectors than I had expected. For one thing, '50s "rock'n'roll" collectors don't buy much '60s/'70s "rock" material, and vice versa. Rock'n'roll collectors pretty much stick to singles and rock tans buy albums, although the punk/new wave movement is breaking down this distinction. True, '50s albums are less plentiful and more expensive and many hard rock bands never went for the singles market. It also shows, I think, that San Antonio collectors (like San Antonio fans) tend to have specific and exclusionary tastes, more so than in other parts of the country.

NOWHERE ELSE . . .

Each dealer noted some peculiar or unique feature of the San Antonio scene. Elvis records, for example, are a glut on the local market. "I can't sell Elvis" said one dealer; "Except for EPs and Sun singles, everybody's got everything they want . . . or they buy reissues and are perfectly happy." One dealer can't move blues records; another can't keep enough of them in stock. One dealer ships his prime rock'n'roll material up north where he gets a better deal; another guy has people coming in from the coast to buy the same kind of stuff. Many said that their hard rock/heavy metal albums wouldn't move as well in other cities, or that they could get higher prices for stuff like '60s rock and psychedelic singles that don't always sell too well in San Antonio.

Basically, their prices are reasonable. One dealer said, "If I could pick this whole stock of records up and move it to Los Angeles, I'd be a rich man. The thing is, I like San Antonio and I don't like California." In other words, San Antonio collectors, we've got it pretty good down here. Sure, some of the records are overpriced but most are acceptable and it's not too difficult to pick up a bargain here and there You won't make a killing, though - these guys don't stay in business by selling Red Crayola albums for three bucks or Charlie Feathers singles for fifty

No dealer said that more than 50% of his customers could be called "collectors", and most reported a smaller percentage than that. What this means is, a majority of their sales are to nostalgia people ("gee, I remember that song from high school") and to casual music fans who can pick up clean copies of re-

cent albums for a couple of bucks less than they would pay at Sound Warehouse or K-Mart. This is good news, because it keeps the competition at a manageable level, but remember that a lot of these nostalgia and bargain buyers are potential collectors, too.

HOLD YOUR HEADS UP

San Antonio's "independent" record dealers are good people. They're helpful, honest, a little bit crazy and a valuable asset to collectors and fans alike. They serve many musical needs that are not being met by San Antonio's commercial record outlets. (I could say the same thing about some of San Antonio's small retail stores, too. Does anyone out there remember Silvey's on Donaldson or the Down Beat Record Shop on E. Commerce?)

One day, before I did the interviews with these dealers, I bought several records from one of them and he gave me a very good price. I thanked him for his generousity and he said "Don't worry. Do nice things for people and it comes back to you." That's a time-tested philosophy and it's the type of attitude that characterizes independent record dealers in San Antonio. Some people have complained about dealers' attitudes and prices and whatnot, but these guys are saints in comparison to some of the collectors I've met

Think for a minute about the most twisted collector you know. Would you want to find *him* (or her) on the other side of the counter when you're looking for records? I rest my case.—RNR







Welcome to the Heart of the City Variety Show in which we flame around town and talk semi-coherently about a number of events which you probably missed because you were out at the lake or watching "Shogun" or doing your homework or trimming your nose hair but need to know about anyway.

Miss Nessie and Heart made our big post-cast social debut and celebrated our anniversary by stepping out to Low Rider Happning II. If you've been reading something besides cookie packages you already know about zoot suits, bad girls, a resurgence of '50s rock'n'roll and incredibly expensive low-slung late model American automobiles which are customized to the nth degree and hop higher than Dwight Stones.

Hopefully you've already heard about carnalisimo, the spirit of brotherhood which permeates the Low Rider phenomenon.

What you probably don't know is Low Riders listen to music other than "Sixteen Candles." One of the bands they listen to is called TIER-RA, from Los Angeles. Tierra's debut album "City Nights" (Fiesta FLP-6001) cooks. Tierra live, if their performance at LRH 11 was indicative, smokes. "City Nights" is Joe Bravo meets Gamble and Huff, a combination of Philly and barrio

At the moment Tierra has a Top 40 hit in Los Angeles with a smooth Gamble and Huff tune called "Together". It should be Top 40 nationwide. My favorite tune from the LP is "Zoot Suit Boogie", a jumping cut which shows off the group's spirit and drive.

And you thought Los Angeles was all smog and Eagles.

However, the local kids were well represented as Frank Rodarte unveiled the new Dell-King band and proceeded to crank out raucous versions of '50s rock and roll and rhythm and blues classics.

Lots of bands are "reviving" the music of the Fifties and Sixties while they slick their Command Performance haircuts back and buy K-TEL Fabulous Fifties Collections to learn from and roll up their Reggie Jackson jeans to show off their new white socks.

Hell, the Dell-Kings are so old they can acutally remember when they didn't have television sets to order K-TEL records from. When Rock and Roll was born in Alamo Town the Dell-Kings were among the fathers, uncles, cousins and nephews. Now they're back from various strange and wonderful places to again make music at

If you've never heard Frank Rodarte play his saxophone you are truly missing an experience: I know I've told you all this before and I'm getting tired of it. He's among THE BEST and the people who make up the rest of the Dell-Kings could sit in with any band, anytime and never be embarassed.

They rocked the Low Rider Happening in August and they rocked Annie's Castle Club in September. In between the Dell-Kings cut a single, "Low Rider Fever," which should be out in a couple of weeks. Look for it and look for them at the Castle Club in October.

The Arneson River Theatre played host(ess) to a rather historical gathering Labor Day Night as Adolph Hofner, his brother, Bash and their band joined Fred Zimmerle and Trio San Antonio, Santiago Jiminez Jr. and his conjunto, Timberline and Ben King for what was billed as the Second Annual Folk Festival.

The evening was co-hosted by the local musician's union, the Express-News and maybe KEDA radio as El Guero Polkas, the ultimate mondo bizarro morning disc jockey was the

The Hofner, Zimmerle and Jimenez families have been playing music around this area since rocks were babies, Ben King is somewhat of a walking musical museum and Timberline plays excellent blue-

It's hard to beat a combination of western swing, conjunto polkas, bluegrass, King's spoons, guitar, harmonica, pennywhistles and stories — not to mention Guero Polkas' patter.

Judas Cheech

Dudes, let me tell you, I've seen heaven, and it's called KMAC-KISS. It's a place of grandeur and beauty, an Olympian atomosphere where equals and mortals can meet and discuss aural nectar like Judas

Priest, Riot, Sammy Hagar, Van Halen, and Led Zep. It's a place for mortals like Tom, Allan, Gabriel and Jeff, and for gods like Steve and Lou, and, of course, for the supreme master, Joe "the big A" Anthony. My hero!

I went into the hallowed halls and now I'll tell you of my journey. It's a place where creeps like David Arthur have their faces rearranged just for laughs.

Before I went to see Joe I combed my hair — all three feet of it. I even shaved and popped my pimples!

I took along a lid, some coke, angel dust, acid, and beer, just in case someone ran out.

After getting all the secretaries excited when I made my entrance I went into the booth and met Steve. He's great, a real space cadet. He hates that punk crap, too.

We rocked out and got high while listening to the Priest and Iron Maiden, who sound almost like Priest except that they play some slow ballads - ugh! Sick band.

Then Joe came in - all 6 feet of him — and that's not including his height, trailing groupies behind him. We talked about heavy metal, and you know Joe can be quite philosophical when contemplating AC/DC. We got real wasted. Finally I left. I never realized how much Joe and I have n common; we both love Chibi Changas, Jumbo is our fave local band, Riot is better than the Stones, and we both think he's the best DJ in the world of heavy metal. Even my mom thinks we look alike. Hmm, I wonder . . . Nah, too good to be true. RNR



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Blondie's Roots

BOOK REVIEW by Clyde Kimsey



If you're a recent Blondie convert wanting a fan book to promote the band and answer all your questions about each member's lives, then this book might not be for you.

This is not a musical biography. Instead, the author, reknown rock writer and critic Lester Bangs, acts as an observer and gives you his interpretation of their sound and what makes it work. He uses facts, opinions and quotes about how the band got where they are now without getting any formal interviews with the members themselves. He operates almost like a reporting spy as he talks to friends of the band, ex-members; producers; etc. Of the few interviews he does quote from, they are from othe writers whom he does acknowledge. I suppose Bangs' intentions were to keep up his third person outlook on the band. The book winds up getting a truthful insight on the band as told from insiders as well as the author's own understanding about them. It is assumed that the reader is already a big fan of Blondie's so he doesn't waste time trying to persuade the reader of their musical value.

Usually his technique of mixing fact and opinion works because they are well-supported, although I still think he should have supplemented his work with interviews from all six members of the band. His only sections for each band member are merely half a page for Chris Stein (Debbie Harry's Rock of Gibralter as well as the band's lead quitarist and chief songwriter), Jimmy Destri (keyboardist who combines his pop understanding with his technical savvy to give the band a creative '60s feel), and Clem Burke (the drummer who may be the new Keith Moon.) He only has two or three sentences with other members rhythm player Frank Infante and bassist Nigel Harrison.

Mr. Bangs doesn't hesitate to explain his own idealogies and rock'n'-roll convictions outside of Blondie. By doing so he proves himself a real veteran of rock'n'roll with his thought-provoking and insightful ideas. He gives what is probably the most accurate and clearest explanation, of, the, late — seventies. New.

Wave rock explosion as well as rock-'n'roll itself; which certainly coincide. His definition of Punk Rock is simple: "Rock'n'roll in its' most basic, primitive form. In other words, Punk Rock has existed throughout the history of rock'n'roll, they just didn't call it that. In the Fifties, when rock'n'roll was so new it scared the shit out of parents and racists everywhere, the media had a field day." Rock'n'roll'as he sees it (and yours truly) is the ultimate populist art form. There's only one thing you need: Nerve. Rock'n'roll is an attitude, and if you've got the attitude you can do it, no matter what anybody says.

When Bangs isn't explaining rock he is usually telling us about Debbie Harry and what makes her tick. He does a very good job discussing her past and her trail to success. Although, again, it would have helped to have a personal interview with "Miss Blondie."

Most of his criticisms are hard to argue with except his statements that *Parallel Lines* and *Eat To The Beat* are unsensuous and emotionless. I agre with him about this to a certain degree, they are less innocent and unique than the first two Blondie albums but they still have more feeling and originality than 90% of the bland "acceptable" rock we hear on the radio.

The book is a short 90 pages with half of that being photos. This book usually succeeds but I expected more text, less pictures and more personal interviews to warrant the \$6:95 price.—RNR







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Tom Waits/Heart Attack and Vine (Asylum) - Waits will always have the champeen mouth of the world and even if his croak of a voice turns into a phlem-filled cancerous whisper he'll still beat the pants off Kurtis Blow as a rapper. He still remains one of the suprimo lyricists of the day and knows every lost soul who'll never make it across to the sunny side of easy street. Backed with a new rockier and punchier band that kicks ass on tracks "Downtown," "Mr. Siegal" and the title cut Waits proves he can still get it up. He dishes our more of his standard maudlin ballads about lost loves and lost chances such as "Ruby's Arms" and the title tune from Ralph Waite's film "On The Nickle," (which is about the alcoholic bum's life on L.A.'s Fifth street.) As far as Tom's ballads go they remain rewritten tunes from his first album and he'll probably run through those same musical changes forever, but with the new band being more R&B-oriented than jazz he's come up with a few surprises this time'round. Despite his fading voice (a victim on his character) Waits has delivered one of the best Lps of his career.**RY

Pat Benatar/Crimes of Passion (Chrysalis) — The good points: an ethereal voice, a sense of flair, and a decent backing band. The bad points: the band sounds weak at times, the material isn't too good, and one of the cover songs is a travesty (Kate Bush's "Wuthering Heights".) Still, I'd rather listen to her than David Lee Roth any day! But I'd rather hear Kate Bush's new Lp-(6½)**David Arthur

Ultravox/Vienna (Chrysalis) — Eurorock? Well, kind of — synths coloring the music, haunting vocals and melodies with lyrics that tease the mind without saying what they mean outright.

This is the group's fourth Lp, and my personal favorite, though all of them are excellent, especially last year's *Systems of Romance*. Best songs: "Vienna," "Western Promise," and the single "Sleepwalk." John Foxx best watch out, his former band is doing better without him. (9)**David Arthur

Mark Champion & Gary Davenport — "True Freedom"/"Remember Our Lives" (Closet Records) — Mark Champion, producer of local group Mannequin's two releases, and Gary Davenport, main lyricist and vocalist for the band, have joined forces to produce a rther powerful, thought-provoking single record, taken from their forthcoming Lp, Project Cancel. Although perhaps not immediately apparent, this record bears definite similarities to both Mannequin EP's. However, don't expect a "Poodle in the Microwave." Both songs on this record have sensitive lyrics and vaguely haunting melodies which fit each other well.

"True Freedom" opens with Champion's reading of what seems to be a thesis on freedom, and breaks into a fine musical intro. The lovely melody builds and flows, weaving around Davenport's vocals. You may find that the musical theme stays with you long after you've listened to this. On the other hand, "Remember Our Lives" has a reggae feel which may bother you at first. It took me about three listenings to feel comfortable with this song which reflects on South African oppression. A poignant guitar and tenor sax break adds much to this song, which is lyrically, melodically, and vocally a stronger piece than "True Freedom." If you don't bother to use your headphones, you will miss much of the fine effects present. (B+)**Wendy Carson



The Cramps/Songs The Lord Taught Us (IRS) — The Cramps certainly epitomize the syndrome of "Yanks find success in the U.K." where they are regarded as either brilliant or poor musicians. There's some truth in both views, which is why the Cramps are so much fun to listen to.

You might have heard this band referred to as Rockabilly but their horror movie image and lyrics are hardly that. Their sound is more like the primal rawness of Link Wray — complete with garage-style mix. The Cramps' line-up of two guitars, drums and no bass is unique.

The musicianship is remedial,*but quite adequate for what the Cramps are trying to do. You don't expect expertise from a band that sings "I Was A Teen-age Werewolf." Like the early Stooges albums the fun is infectious, despite everything else. So give them a good listen. You might find yourself howling along.**Clink Falk

Iron Maiden (Harvest) — Not too bad. HM, of course, (with that name what else could it be?) but it has moments of sanity, tact, and calm. Except for those dull spots, this Lp is an impressive debut. It's kind of early Judas Priest, but more innovative. But I bet the bikers come out next Lp. (7)**David

The B-52's/Wild Planet (Warner Bros.) - The B-52's appeared in the music scene last fall with an incredible debut Lp whose success surprised even the group members themselves. This Atlanta-based group had a thick layer of hooks and sound effects complemented by a set of cute and outrageous lyrics that made this band too irrestible to refuse. Now their album, Wild Planet follows up. Although they have become more subtle in their style and opted for a less outlandish delivery the same basic ingredients are here. And this feature, as much as any, is the most apparent flaw of the album. Although "Private Idaho" and "Quiche Lorraine" (which has superb lyrics) manage to be a minor saving grace, the album as a whole is bland, unoriginal and without direction. This band has got some proving to do on their next Lp. (5½)**Tim Lawless

The Sheppards/The Sheppards (Solid Smoke) — Somewhere between the naively-fascinating but stylistically-limited vocal group rock'n'roll sounds of the 1950s and the more mature but somewhat contrived soul sounds of the mid-to-late 1960s...whew ... there were several groups who managed to combine rock'n'roll innocence with musical maturity and stylistic adventure.

Among the best of these "transition" groups were the Sheppards, and virtually their entire recorded output has been collected on this album. In glorious mono, no less. Best of all, you don't need any esoteric knowledge of pre-Beatles rock'n'roll to enjoy it; an appreciation of lyrical craftsmanship is all that's required. The Sheppards sure had it. Give 'em a listen!**David Frost



Son Seals/Chicago Fire (Alligator)

— The back cover photo shows Son in a pinstripe suit and the other bandmembers in dreadlocks, a cowboy hat, a dress shirt, etc., but this sure ain't no Village People horseshit. It just shows that Son Seals has drawn from several sources to forge his 1980 sound of the Chicago blues.

"Nobody Wants a Loser" is one of those jump'n'jive numbers that would open a set at some S. Michigan Avenue blues joint. "Gentleman from the Windy City" and "Watchin Every Move..." bear the influences of B.B. King, Albert King and the Stax/Memphis soul sound. "Goodbye Little Girl" is rock'n'blues with some tasty keyboard work and "Crying Time Again" leaves no doubt that the Son Seals Band is a blues band. He also owes a bit of a debt to Buddy Guy, as does every Chicago Bluesman of the past 10-15 years.

Bands like Son Seals and record outfits like Alligator are doing more than their part to keep the blues alive. They deserve your support, and you won't be sorry.**David Frost AC-DC/Back In Black (Atlantic) — When Bon Scott died rock lost one of its snottiest little brats and he will be missed both by friends and fiends.

Who can forget the first time they heard that whining voice cream out that he was a live wire above that abrasive but basic band of his? Whether you liked them or not they did make an impression, especially Bon. To me, that first album (High Voltage) was the ACDC sound. They were unlike anybody else. They had nerve, which is crucial to keeping rock'n'roll from becoming stagnant.

In contrast, *Back in Black* comes off as a predictible, but better-structured album than all their other albums save the first. Brian Johnson (Bon's replacement) with his angry young man's voice isn't a bad replacement, although he does remind me of Nazareth's Dan McAfferty. The instruments are more together on this album but the lyrics are in the same 'inane self-indulgent Macho 'style of today's heavy groups. (C—)**Clyde Kimsey

The Michael Schenker Group (Chrysalis) — Ex-UFO guitarist takes off on his first solo effort, and even I'm impressed. He's one of the most creative heavy guitarists, and this Lp reflects that.

Cuts like "Tales of Mystery" and "Into The Arena" sound better than any recent UFO, but definitely have a UFO edge to them. But on most songs, Schenker goes for a new sound and generally attains it. Pretty good — I'm almost surprised. (8)**David Arthur

The Allman Brothers Band/Reach For the Sky (Arista) — A failure after their conviction-filled comeback Lp, Enlightened Rogues. Again, Gregg Allman hasn't written much, and Dickey Betts doesn't fill the gap.

"Angeline" has oomph and Allman's "So Long" has a light, lonely touch that Blackfoot and Molly Hatchet couldn't hit with twenty tries, but that's it.

The rest is ordinary at best. Unlike Roxy Music, whose after-reunion record sucks because of an easy-going approach, the Brothers just aren't inspired. Reach For the Sky is mostly stagnant, typifying the trouble southern rock is in.**J.J. Syrja

The Vapors/New Clear Days (UA)

— The boys who "turned Japanese" have a whole Lp out and it's got to be one of the best debuts I've heard. Each song shimmers with hooks that pull you in, and each has a goodhumored relaxed atmosphere to it.

David Fenton, who wrote all the songs, sang and played guitar, is going to be a major force in pop music. The band reminds me of The Jam, but more pop-oriented and fun. (9½)**David Arthur

Elektrics/Current Events (Capitol)

— The Elektrics are fairly original and have good intentions but they never really let loose on the would-be rockers like "Time After Time" and "Some Lovin' Tonight." Other songs like "Plastic Sound" and "The Joker" sound like they were playing around with different sounds and styles previously heard but failed to come up with anything new to say. They show promise if they just let loose. (C plus) "Clyde Kimsey



Jackson Browne/U.T. Special Events Center/August 19, by Robbin Cresswell

Jackson Browne played to a near sellout audience at the UT Special Events Center in Austin last month. It was a mixture of old favorites and every song on his latest number one album Hold Out.

The first half of the show consisted of Browne's slower tunes, starting off with "The Fuse," "For Everyman" and "Fountain of Sorrow." Browne went to his piano for "Of Missing Persons," a tribute to the late Lowell George. "Before The Deluge" was the last song of the set using an unnecessary slide show.

Backing Browne was The Section, Russ Kunkel, drums, Bob Glaub, bass, Craig Doerge, piano and David Lindley, guitar. Doug Haywood and Rosemary Butler backup vocals and Little Feat's Bill Payne on keyboards. The same band which backed Linda Ronstadt had more fire this time.

When Browne came out for the second half of the show he was ready to introduce the new album. "Disco Apocalypse," "That Girl Could Sing," "Hold Out," and "Boulevard" came fast. Browne came out rocking, showing some Springsteen-like moves. Setting his guitar down and running to the

piano, Browne began his little performed "Doctor My Eyes." Then he hurried back to center stage for "Running On Empty." And the concert ended with "The Road and the Sky." RNR

CONCERT GUIDE AUSTIN

10/4 — Gang of Four/Opryhouse — Muni Aud. (Spotlight)

10/5 - Split Enz/Armadillo

10/6 & 7-Jimmy Cliff/Third World/ Opryhouse (Spotlight)

10/7 - Little River Band/Muni Aud.

10/11—The Hunt/Armadillo

10/14—The Cars/Motel/Muni Aud.

10/14—X/Dukes Royal Coach Inn 10/15—Elton John/U.T. Special **Events Center**

10/16—Frank Zappa/Armadillo (2 Shows, 8 & 11)

CONCERT

Yes/S.A. Convention Center Arena September 28, by David Arthur

After an hour-long delay, Yes opened an excellent show playing a song from the new album, Drama, "Does It Really Happen." The band went on to perform four other new ones, as well as such classics as "Starship Trooper," "Perpetual Change," and "And You and I." The encore was, of course, "Roundabout."

The band seemed revitalized - no doubt because of newcomers former-Buggles members Geoffrey Downes and Trevor Hornes. Downes, playing keyboards was better than even the man he replaced - Rick Wakeman. His solo, during which he performed "Video" Killed The Radio Star" (The Bug- 5 gles' hit) was superb.

Hornes was also excellent. He's got a high-pitched voice like Jon Anderson's, but none of the latter's superfluous ennunciation.

The rest of the band - Chris Squire (bass), Steve Howe (guitar), and Alan White (drums) - were as usual, precise and showy.

The two-hour show, with it's revolving stage and spacey lighting display was on the whole, excellent. The band did a few unrecorded songs and judging from those, they'll be around for a lot longer. RNR

10/17—Peter Rowan/Flaco Jimenez

/Armadillo 10/18—Iggy Pop/Joan Jett/Opryhouse (Spotlight)

10/19—Burning Spear/Opryhouse (Spotlight)

10/24—Head East/Opryhouse

10/25-Doc & Merl Watson/Armadillo

10/29—The Stranglers/Duke's Royal Coach Inn (Spotlight) (Tentative)

10/31—Amazing Rhythm Aces/Armadillo

10/31—Jerry Lee Lewis/Antone's

11/2 — Jess Winchester/Armadillo

11/3 — Dire Straits/Armadillo

11/3 — Allman Bros./America/Muni Aud.

11/4 - Split Enz/Armadillo

11/9 — Bruce Springsteen/U.T. Special Events Center

11/11—Police/XTC/Coliseum

11/13—Heath Bros./Armadillo

11/15—Spyro Gyra/Armadillo

SAN ANTONIO

10/7 — Van Wilks/Skipwillys

10/12—The Hunt/Majestic 10/22—Doobie Bros/Arena

10/27-Platters/Drifters/Carver Center (free)

10/28—Coasters/Ink Spots/Carver Center (free)

11/1 — Lionel Hampton/Carver Center (free)

11/1 - Jethro Tull/Whitesnake/

11/6 — Jeff Lorber/Skipwillys

11/12—Albert Collins/Skipwillys (2 Shows)

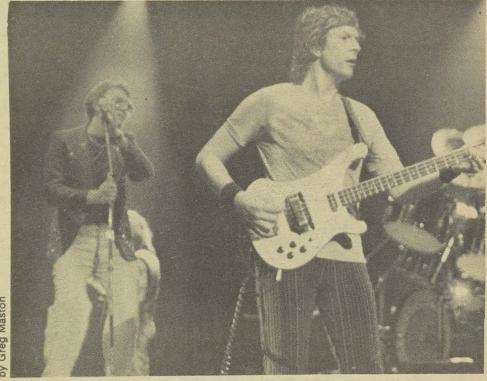
HOUSTON

10/11—The Cars/Summit

10/14—Elton John/Summit

10/21-Frank Zappa/Coliseum

10/24—Doobie Bros./Summit



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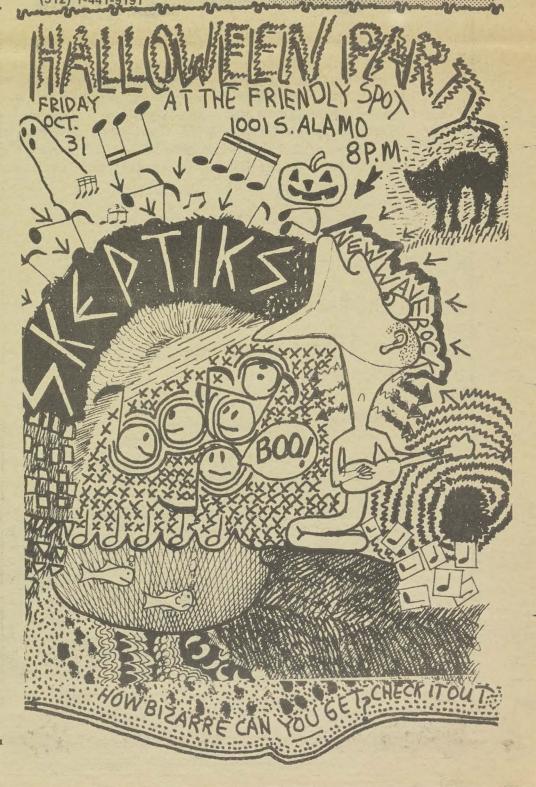
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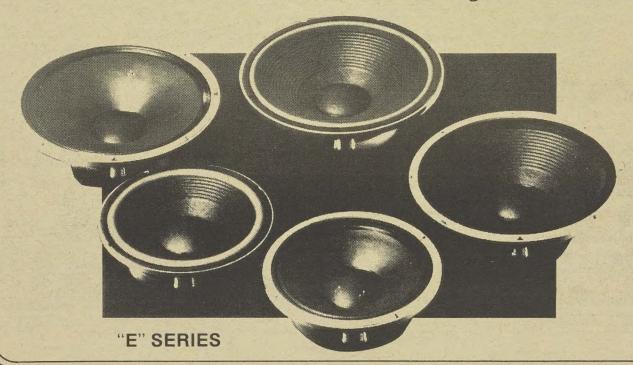
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